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...E DEATH

OF

PRESIDENT TAYLOR:

DELIVERED,

AT THE MASONIC HALL, CINCINNATI, AUG. 1, 1850:

BY T. H. STOCKTON.

CINCINNATI:
BEN FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE.
1850.

A CARD.

TO EDITORS, PREACHERS, AND OTHERS.

The Author of the following Sermon desires to form a Collection of Sermons, Orations, Addresses, etc., on the Death of President Taylor. Editors and Speakers will confer a favor upon him, which he will endeavor in some appropriate way to acknowledge, if they will send him one copy, each, of their several publications.

In 1841, a similar request was made, in relation to similar commemorations of the death of President Harrison. About eighty discourses, many of them by eminent men, were then collected, and have been carefully preserved.

T. H. STOCKTON.

CINCINNATI: Aug. 19: 1850.

SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

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SERMON.

It is not in heedless haste, but, with slow steps and thoughtful souls, that we come together this day, to speak and hear of the nation's new and unexpected bereavement—a bereavement which at first appeared almost as sudden in its irretrievable accomplishment as in its electric announcement.

It seems but a little while, since I stood at the oblique corner of these same streets, on a wintry day, in the midst of a pressing multitude, waiting with two of my sons, for the coming of a grand civic and military pageant, which thousands of the elders of the city grew as eager as the children to see. Gradually, the indications of its approach multiplied, until, crossing the verge of the hill above us, it came down toward us, in broad and brilliant display; receiving, as it came, the warmest welcome of countless heart-voices; and then, turning, composed its line before the building in which we are now assembled. Soon, a plain old man, alighting from one of the carriages, was ushered into this Hall; and, after acknowledging the enthusiasm of his greeting here, made his appearance again, on the adjoining balustrade, to the masses outside; bowed to their renewed salutations, as they responded to the signals of our chief magistrate; and then retired, apparently as humble in spirit, as he was weary in body, to seek the repose which he would not accept until he had thus gratefully and gracefully met all the courtesies of the patriotic occasion.

Who was that plain old man? You all remember him—ZACHARY TAYLOR, *President, elect, of the United States.*

Whence had he come? He had come—from God. He had come, according to the will of God—from a life, extended through more than sixty years of time, and over many thousand miles of space. He had come—from a Virginia cradle. He had come—from a Kentucky school. He had come—from the New Orleans pestilence. He had come—from the red sward of Tippecanoe. He had come—from the fiery ramparts of Fort Harrison. He had come—from Green Bay. He had come—from Fort Jessup. He had come—from Jefferson Barracks. He had come—from the Metropolitan Council. He had come—from the Black Hawk trail. He had come—from Fort Crawford. He had come—from the Florida Swamps. He had come from Fort Jessup, again. He had come—from Fort Gibson. He had come—from the Texan prairies. He had come—from the Mexican hills. He had come—from his Louisiana home: the home where his fond wife waited and his fair daughter bloomed: the home where his war-worn age, infinitely preferring peace to strife, had hoped to find its rest. He had come—with this hope disappointed: but kindly and honorably so—by the highest request of the nation and the widest applause of the world.

Did he remember, as he came, the gentle beauty which gathered about his childhood, in the Orange County of the "Old Dominion"? Rather—did he remember the wild woods, where, in his youth, he wondered at the roar of the storm, as it swept, with shadowing clouds and showering tears, over "the Dark and Bloody Ground"? Did he remember the clinging of his spirit to the almost exhausted flesh, when the yellow fingers of the Plague were trying to part them? Did he remember the cold mold—the statue-like majesty and grace of the slain Tecumseh? Did he remember the block-hou in flames: the howlings of the

Indians without, the wailings of the women within, the feebleness of his struggling men, and the swellings of his own full heart through all *that* fearful night? Or; not to review the studies, and arts, and discipline, and occasional enterprizes, of his more quiet posts—did he remember Okee-Chobee?—and Gentry, and Thompson, and those who fell with them? Did he remember Palo Alto?—and Ringgold, and Page, and those who fell with them? Did he remember Resaca de la Palma?—and Cochrane, and Chadbourne, and those who fell with them? Did he remember Monterey?—and Williams, and Woods, and Morris, and Watson, and Allen, and Hett, and those who fell with them? Did he remember Buena Vista?—and Lincoln, and Hardin, and McKee, and Clay, and Yell, and Vaughan, and those who fell with them? And—then—did he remember again his quiet home?—his faithful wife—his lovely daughter—the endearments of an undisturbed seclusion, with no sound of wrath among its bowers and no sprinkling of blood on its blossoms? Ah me! no marvel the men of battle prefer the securities of peace?

But—whither was he going? He was going—to God. He was going, according to the will of God, toward the region of his birth: with some sixteen months more of time, and a few hundred miles more of space, between that welcoming and his death-bed. He was going—to the Metropolis of the Union. He was going—to the Capitol of the Union. He was going—to the Executive Mansion of the Union. He was going—to enter the portal, which the beloved Harrison entered only to die. He was going to greet, and receive the greeting, of his immediate and respected predecessor; whose terms of office and life were both about to expire. He was going—to meet the smiles, to consult the wishes, and to merit the confidence, of the leaders of the party, of which, however moderate his sentiments, generous his sympathies, and national his purposes, he was

regarded, nevertheless, as, in some sense, the triumphant representative. He was going—to take his stand at the front of the Eastern Portico of the Capitol; and there,—surrounded by the chief officers of all departments of our own Government, and by the Embassadors of all Foreign Powers, and with twenty thousand citizens, in behalf of twenty millions, of all parties, and from all quarters of the land, assembled on the broad plateau before him—to renew the assurance of his devotion to "the welfare of the whole country;" to take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution; and to be assured, in turn, by the most decisive tokens, of universal reliance on his honor and word. He was going—to collect his Cabinet around him, and superintend their action: to accept and return the customary acknowledgments of the Diplomatic Corps: to throw open the White House, in cheerful hospitality to the social gatherings of the People: to make an effort to see a portion of them in their own northern and eastern homes: to come back, an invalid, with sad monitions of increasing frailty: to enter, in due time, upon more efficient intercourse with Congress: to submit his honest views, and well-considered plans—and then let them rest: in a word, he was going to assume his appointed position—the most elevated political station on earth—and exemplify in it the power of the principle which had governed him in previous relations: to endeavor to do his duty, and so await the will of the Maker and Ruler of all. That will was then unknown. It has since been accomplished. On the Nation's Birth-Day; in the Nation's City; at the Nation's Monument: in the midst of the Nation's Representatives, celebrating the virtues of the Nation's greatest Military and Civil Exemplar—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen": on that day, the day on which Jefferson, and Adams, and Monroe, made their memorable transits: on that day, while everything around was so brilliant, and danger so

little apprehended, the worthy successor of Washington, standing conspicuous by the rising shaft of Washington's fame, was distinguished by the eye and touched by the hand of an Unseen Messenger, whose bidding none may stay. Thence returned to the shadowy retreat where Harrison breathed his last, the submissive veteran patiently declined, until, after a few days more—"I am ready for the summons," said he: "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am sorry to leave my friends"—and then departed.

Thus, the plain old man; the illustrious warrior; the elect supreme civilian; came and went. The places which knew him once shall know him no more, forever. There is no renewal of life. The gardens of Virginia: the forests of Kentucky: the fields of Indiana: the shores of Wisconsin: the wilds of Iowa: the frontier posts in the southern and western wilderness: the morasses of Florida: the plains of Texas: the mountains of Mexico: the plantations of Louisiana: the thoroughfares of Cincinnati: the avenues of Washington; the Porticos of the Capitol: the saloons of the Presidential Mansion: these and whatever other places have known him, may hold his memory still, but nothing more. Or, if any thing more, and this is yet uncertain, it is only that his coffined body may silently pass our landing—where, as though but yesterday, his eyes flashed among his friends, and his tongue aptly replied to their kindness, in the earnestness of the spirit which then retained its possession. I say,—his *body* may pass our landing: ah me! how tenderly and strongly the allusion suggests and excites the love of home!

Our Metropolis is not the Home of our Presidents. It is merely a brief, official stopping-place. If one of them die in retirement, his remains are not taken to the Capital: and if he die *at* the Capital, they are directly borne *from* it. What an impressive scene, of melancholy magnificence, might be witnessed, if the remains of Washington were re-

moved to the scite of the National Monument; and those of Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and the second Adams, and Jackson, and Harrison, and Polk, and Taylor, were duly disposed around, with corresponding memorials!! But, the dust of Washington, moistened with the tears of La Fayette, reposes in the shade of Mount Vernon. The elder and younger Adams, slumber, side by side, at Quincy. Jefferson is entombed at Monticello: Madison, at Montpelier: Monroe, at Oak Hill: Jackson, at the Hermitage: Harrison, at North Bend: Polk, at Nashville: and so, unless the home be changed, I presume it will be added—Taylor, at Baton Rouge. I do not regret this tendency. There is little danger of its becoming too strong among our migratory people. Rather, there is some danger of its being too much weakened. I love to see the home and the tomb, not far apart. The virtues of the dead, if not their spirits, haunt the tomb: and often come in from it, to hallow the halls of home. Death, too, seems less dreary to the living, when they contemplate it only as an evening's retirement under the same roof that shelters their kindred. "May you *die* among your kindred"—is the friendly wish of the Arab. And our highest-minded statesmen, and stoutest-hearted heroes, unite with the humblest in the land, in the softness of the sentiment—may we be *buried* among our kindred! Even though it be the victor in many battles: the comrade of thousands whose bones are strewn along our borders, or scattered among the hills and by the streams of foreign lands: the laurelled favorite, conducted, as the reward of his conquests, from the tent of the wilderness to the throne of civilization: so strong is the love of home in the soul, that, when he comes to die, he turns from the Chair of State, as he often turned before from the vantage-grounds of war, and asks, for his last earthly refuge, not the lone vault of the proud metropolitan mausoleum, but, infinitely rather, the social turf and whis-

pering shades of the place of household graves. So may it continue: until every State in the Union shall be honored with the tomb of an Exemplary President: until Maine and Florida, Minesota and Texas, Oregon and California—like Massachusetts and Virginia; like Ohio, Tennessee, and Louisiana; shall lead their children and guests to the rural sepulchres of those, who, having gone up from humble homes of truth, purity and love, to adorn the loftiest seat of authority in our incomparable and indissoluble Republic; shall have descended again, with their blessings on the Union, and the blessings of the Union on them, confirming the Union by the very distribution of their dust, as well as by the memory of their glorious example. How much more worthy this, than that the time should ever come for the tombs of the Adamses to be in one Confederacy, and those of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, in another: the tomb of Harrison, in one; and those of Jackson, Polk, and Taylor in another. Who is this—that would first divide the graves of our fathers, and then stain them with the blood of our children? Let the silent awe be eternal—rather than break it by the name of such a traitor!

But, there are some who are never satisfied, even when all is well. It seems impossible for them to understand our Savior's lesson—"When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." It is not enough for them, that a public servant shall desire to do his duty; and endeavor to do his duty; and, even upon his death-bed, have the comfort of remembering, that, however unprofitable he may have been, still, to a good degree, he has done his duty; and, therefore, relying on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, is ready for the summons to meet his Judge: it is not enough, I say, for them, that the President shall have thus filled up the measure of his days,

in all faithfulness to his convictions; and bequeathed to his family and country a name that will be cherished as long as a drop of his blood shall flow in human veins, or his country shall hold a place among the nations of the earth: but, beyond all this, they appear to wish that the destinies of the Union, of the States, and of the People, shall be made dependent on him!—and almost demand that it shall be universally acknowledged they *are* dependent on him! Nominated—their cry is: He is able to save us! Elected—their cry is: He will save us! Installed—their cry is: He has saved us! Deceased—their lamentation is: Alas! Our Savior is dead! The country is ruined!

What better is this, than was the Jewish idolatry, which, in the chapters before us, the prophet so sternly denounces, so pathetically deplores! Nay, this *is* idolatry: and worse than that of old. It is committed, if not in grosser forms, yet in greater light, and in presence of more numerous and impressive warnings. On all accounts, it is far more inexcusable.

If ever there was a nation on earth that needed the admonition of the text: ever a nation, that ought to give heed to it: it is our own. "*Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?*"

We should "*cease—from man.*" True—no country has ever produced, within a similar interval, a nobler succession of men, than our own has exhibited. Every period of our progress, every change of our condition, and every department of our government, have been illustrated by model characters. Does the world need models? Then our history supplies the need. Model Colonists? We have had them. Model Revolutionists? We have had them. Model Constitutionists? We have had them. Model Legislators? We have had them. Model Jurists? We have had them. Model Administrators? We have had them. Need I be more particular? What then? Look at the various forms

of public service. Model Practical Planners and Operators? We have had them. Model Document Writers? We have had them. Model Debaters and Orators? We have had them. Model Field-Commanders? We have had them. Model Naval Commanders? We have had them. Model Embassadors to Foreign Courts? We have had them. Model Negotiators of Special Treaties? We have had them. Model Secretaries and Councillors? We have had them. Model Presidents? We have had them. If, therefore, any people could be at all excusable for trusting in man, we might be excused.

But there can be no excuse for such idolatry. "*Thus saith the* LORD; *Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the* LORD."

There are many reasons for this. The honor of God: the absolute necessity of His superintendence and support: the origin of all model characters, in His providence, and for the accomplishment of His purposes: the perfect ease with which He can, and does, withhold, furnish, and withdraw them: the connexion of the national destiny with the more general scheme of His government, and, therefore, its constant determination by His own will: these and similar considerations are all to be remembered. But the text specifies one reason, as of itself sufficiently impressive; and, in view of that alone, challenges a return to duty.

"Cease ye from man, *whose breath is in his nostrils.*" That is the select reason: and it deserves our selectest regard.

It is not because of the positive, constitutional, littleness and worthlessness of man, that we are commanded to cease to trust in him; and pronounced accursed, if we do trust in him. The man is more than the nation—let who will affirm to the contrary. The destinies of the man are more enduring than those of the nation; and involve infinitely

nobler interests. Especially, when I see a Model Man: a model in mind, heart, and life; a model, at home; a model, in the Church: a model, in the State; a model of honorable and extended usefulness, seeming to lay his country and the world under peculiar obligations to him, by the greatness of his services as a patriot and philanthropist, in peace or war, in the ordinary flow of public affairs or in the accumulated anxieties of some extraordinary and eventful crisis: God forbid, that when I see such a man, a man made in the image of God; a man elected by the Providence and anointed by the Spirit of God; a man consecrate to the work of God; and exercising in its accomplishment, in an infinitely inferior degree indeed but still in truth and reality, the very attributes of God: God forbid that I should dishonor both the Creator and the creature, the Redeemer and the redeemed, by representing this Immortal Spiritual Sublimity—this Best Visible Reflex, this Living Daguerreotype, of Divinity—as a mere material ephemeron, a heathenish phantom of nothingness, in comparison with the State—and, therefore, unworthy to regard himself, or to be regarded by others, as of any importance, when the interests of the State are in suspense. Rather, let the maxim prevail: If either must fall, let it be the State, and not the Man—for the Man is more than the State. If the Man fall, and the State flourish—the loss is infinitely greater than the gain. If the State fall, and the Man stand fast—the gain is infinitely greater than the loss. When the State shall be forgotten, the Man will be wearing the first honors of eternity.

No—no—this is not the way to elevate the State—by degrading man. Let the man understand what it is that constitutes his manhood, and let him hold it sacred—sacred, even from the touch of the State.

No—no—this is not the reason why we are prohibited from trust in man—because in himself he is nothing: for

he is said to be made "*but little lower than God.*" The reason pertains to his condition—not to his constitution: to his estate—not to his destiny. His "*breath is in his nostrils.*" *That* is the reason. As an agent of God, he may deserve the trust of the nation. His genius, his learning, his wisdom, his skill, his courage, his honor, his patience, his perseverance, his justice, his benevolence, his universal sympathy, and uniform kindness, and disinterested devotion to the public welfare—these, and all other traits of truth, and goodness, and influence, may qualify him peculiarly, admirably, perfectly, for the direction of social progress: he may sit at the head of affairs, in the image of God; and, subordinately, in the office of God; and, moreover, sustained by the sanction and blessing of God. Still, in one sense, he is unfit to be trusted: and it will prove a curse to trust him. What sense is that? The sense of his nothingness? Not at all. God has already marked him for higher spheres and more responsible duties. Cease ye from him—*for his breath is in his nostrils.* He is connected with his body—connected with his home—connected with the State—connected with the world—*merely by a breath!* If he could breathe on, he might be trusted on. If he could breathe forever, he might be trusted forever. If he could breathe forever, he might grow more and more worthy to be trusted forever. But this may not be. His spirit is imperishable: but his body must be dissolved. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. *His breath goeth forth,* he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." Whatever he may have contemplated, in relation to the exercise of his visible ministry here—*ceases with his breath.* Therefore the exhortation: "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.*" The breath gone—so far as earthly things

are concerned, all is gone. The developed and accomplished excellencies of the longest and noblest life, adapted to the greatest wants of the mightiest empire, are,—not, indeed, extinguished, but—withdrawn: forever, withdrawn.

How many, even of those who have come within our own observation, have thus passed away! The comparatively few opportunities, of former years, have left me some resources, on which, were there time, I might more largely draw.

I think of the ARMY: and the stout, round form of Macomb; and the tall, stately figure of Gaines—rise before me.

I think of the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: and the gigantic port of the unfortunate Blair, slain by his own hand; the pale face of Bouldin, stricken down in excited debate, and dying in the Speaker's Chamber, surrounded by trembling friends and hopeless physicians; the black coffin of Dennis, reposing in the aisle which his feet had so often carelessly trod; the mild countenance of Graves, the avowed victim of a murderous social sentiment; the erect and lofty stature of the cool and thoughtful Speight; the becoming sedateness of Muhlenberg, previously a preacher of the Gospel; the bland and winning smile of the courteous and poetic Wild; the huge proportions of the gentle and judicious Lewis; and the earnest, active air of your own Lytle—all return to my vision.

I think of the SENATE: and I seem to see again the good and able Southard; the artless, and sweet-spoken Leigh; the prudent and discriminating Wright; the venerable and classical Robins; the shrewd and resolute Poindexter; the polished and generous Goldsborough; the pleasant and vigorous Grundy; the prompt and graceful Forsyth; the ardent and eloquent Hayne; the quiet, but intelligent Norvell; the easy and social Lynn; the patriarchal and affable White; your own honest Morris; and the pure, philosophic,

dignified, and steadfast Calhoun—with the exception of one distinction, the Model Senator: seemingly as much the Vice President upon the floor as in the Chair: the Watchman of the Chamber: the Sentinel of the South: whose character is as much admired as his position was lamented.

I think of the SUPREME COURT: and lo! the peerless Marshall is again upon the bench; and the accomplished Story, at his side; and Wirt at the bar, with his heart chastened by Christian love, his mind a-glow with mellowed splendor, and his voice thrilling with the inspirations of genius.

I think of the WHITE HOUSE: and Adams, and Jackson, and Harrison, and Polk, and Taylor—five Presidents, familiar to the world and memorable forever—glide through its halls, and vanish from the scene.

We *have* ceased from trusting in these—all these—and many more like them. But why so? Because they were untrustworthy? I speak generally—Not so: but merely because they were bound to us by *a breath*. The breath parted—and the men were gone.

"Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; *for wherein is he to be accounted of?*" Wherein is he worthy of reliance, who, however godlike in attributes, may be withdrawn from you by the suspension of *a breath?* Surely your national destiny depends not on him.

When WASHINGTON was sixty-seven years old, he laid down upon his death-bed. "I find I am dying"—said he: "*my breath cannot last long.*" And again—"Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed, from my first attack, I should not survive it; *my breath cannot last long.*" And so he *ceased to breathe.*

More than a quarter of a century elapsed, before a similar scene was witnessed. Then, on the same day, the first Jubilee of the Nation, ADAMS, at ninety years of age; and JEFFERSON, at eighty-three; came down to their last hour.

"I resign myself to my God"—said JEFFERSON: "and my child to my country." Soon after, ADAMS exclaimed: "Independence forever!"—and all was over. They, too, had *ceased to breathe.*

Five years after this, at seventy-one years of age—MONROE *ceased to breathe.*

Five years after this, at eighty-five years of age—MADISON *ceased to breathe.*

Nearly five years after this, at sixty-eight years of age, HARRISON remarked—"Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." And he *ceased to breathe.*

Four years after this, at seventy-eight years of age, JACKSON observed, in substance,—"My sufferings, though great, are nothing in comparison with those of my dying Savior: through whose death I look for everlasting happiness." And he *ceased to breathe.*

In less than three years after this, at eighty years of age, the SECOND ADAMS declared—"This is the last of earth. I am content." And he *ceased to breathe.*

In a little more than one year after this, at fifty-three years of age—Polk bowed his head in baptism, confessing his Savior. And he *ceased to breathe.*

And now, within the last month, at sixty-five years of age, the lamented TAYLOR has submitted to the common decree:—"I am ready for the summons," said he. "I have endeavored to do my duty. I am sorry to leave my friends." And he, too, *ceased to breathe.*

What then? Are these our gods? "Cease ye from man, *whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?*" Good, and wise, and mighty as he may be: admirably qualified for the maintenance and promotion of all public interests, as he may be: respected, beloved, and venerated, by the whole people, as he may be: complimented and applauded, by the whole world, as he may be:

infinitely removed from all occasion of imputing insignificance to him, as he may be: just in the fulness and completeness of his all-commanding energies, as he may be: still—there is "*no help*" in him—"*his breath goeth forth*, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." If the destiny of the nation were dependent on him, it would be dependent on a breath.

Two former occupants of the Presidential chair yet survive. Does the destiny of the nation depend on them? Their breath is in their nostrils.

A new occupant—apparently a most worthy one, the subject of innumerable commendations and compliments—now holds it. Does the destiny of the nation depend on him? His breath is in his nostrils.

Of the Senators, Representatives, and other leaders of the people, in years gone by, many of the most distinguished and useful, yet live, in retirement. Among those whom I have seen and heard in their high places; I remember, particularly,—Choate, and Frelinghuysen, and Buchanan, and Dallas, and Wilkins, and Naudain, and Chambers, and Rives, and Wise, and Preston, and McDuffie, and Walker, and Johnson, and Storer, and Allen. Some of these are just in the fulness and perfection of their faculties. Often, they have instructed the country by their wisdom; and charmed it by their eloquence. Hereafter, they may excel all that they have accomplished heretofore. But, does the destiny of the nation depend on them? Their breath is in their nostrils.

Survey the various Departments, as they are supplied at this moment. Think of Taney, McLean, Woodbury, and their associates, in the Supreme Court. Think of Crittenden, as Attorney General: of Warrington, at the head of the Navy: of Scott, at the head of the Army: of Corwin, at the head of the Treasury: and of Webster, at the head of Foreign Relations. Think of Chandler and Disney, and

Giddings, and Hampton, and Mann, and Hilliard, and Stanley, and their hundreds of compeers, in the House. Re-enter the Senate. Among the new members, as Clemens and Cooper, Chase and Davis, Hale and Foote—how many of the old and mighty still retain their position. Not only Bell, and Berrien, and the northern Davis, and Ewing, and others: but is not Cass as vigilant and considerate as ever? and Benton, as industrious and determined as ever? and Clay as constructive and conciliating; as sonorous, impassioned, and spirit-stirring as ever? But is the destiny of the nation dependent on them? Their breath is in their nostrils.

Cease ye from them. Let them, let all, whether in office, or out of office, imitate the example of the sagacious and honest-hearted Magistrate, whose death we this day deplore. That is—let them *endeavor to do their duty:* we ask nothing more. "*Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.*"

The calls of duty involve sacrifices enough: and leave our manhood untouched. Rather, every compliance with them elevates and confirms our manhood. The man perfected—he is prepared for any sacrifice, except of the principles which make him a man. Do the interests of his country require the laying down of his life, in the discharge of his duty? He welcomes this issue. He knows that his breath must go forth; and regards the good of the nation as an abundant recompense for anticipating the usual time of dissolution, by yielding to a power, which, though it may so far destroy, cannot dishonor. "Did you ever doubt of the success of the conflict?" said one to John Adams—referring to the Revolution. "No, no"—the patriot replied—"not for a moment. *I expected to be hung and quartered,* if I was caught; *but no matter for that—my country would be free;* I knew George the Third could not forge chains long enough and strong enough to reach around

these United States." Duty sweetens death: but even life is bitter to the transgressor, and the remembrance of him is his country's sorrow.

Washington entered upon the presidency of thirteen States, with less than four millions of people. During his administration, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee were admitted into the Union. When his breath went forth—was the progress of the country arrested?

Adams presided over sixteen States, and five millions of people. When his breath went forth—was the nation stayed?

Jefferson presided over sixteen States, and some seven millions of people. When his breath went forth—did the Union decline?

Madison presided over seventeen States, and some nine millions of people. When his breath went forth—did the land decay?

Monroe presided over twenty-two States, and more than ten millions of people. When his breath went forth—did the Republic languish?

Adams, again, presided over twenty-two States, and twelve millions of people. When his breath went forth—was the confederacy impaired?

Jackson presided over twenty-four States, and sixteen millions of people. When his breath went forth—was our prosperity checked?

Harrison presided over twenty-four States, and more than seventeen millions of people. When his breath went forth—was the advance cut off?

Polk presided over thirty States, and nearly twenty millions of people. When his breath went forth—was the increase exhausted?

Taylor succeeded, in prospect of new States, and an enlarged population. And now, that his breath has gone forth—shall the grand development close?

Nay—verily: "*For the* LORD *is our Judge, the* LORD *is our Law-Giver, the* LORD *is our King;* HE *will save us!*"

Let it not be forgotten that only two of our Presidents have died in office. Some returned to their farms, and died there: one, descended, as some would improperly say, to the place of a member of Congress: one, disdained not to fill the office of a justice of the peace. So quietly they passed away from national control: and so magnificently, without a moment's interruption, the march of Providence extended onward.

Methinks I see Columbus, at ten of the clock, on the night of the eleventh of October, 1492, watching, from the prow of his vessel,—with an Angel at his side. Suddenly, the Angel directs the eye of the almost baffled mariner to a hopeful light.

That was the first glimpse of the new world. There was no reflection, from hill or shore: from rock, tree, or stream. There was no outline of a habitation, no motion of a person, visible. It was a mere gleam, in an immensity of gloom: leaving all other objects to conjecture.

That was the commencement of our destiny: and how little it depended on human foresight! The poets—Montgomery, Rogers, and Southey; Milton, Ercilla, and Camoens—have anticipated, in various ways, the magnificent after disclosures. But Columbus thought only of India. The discovery of the New Continent was as much a surprise to him, as to others.

Methinks I see that same Angel, on this first day of August, 1850, standing in the Sun: surrounded by an illustrious group of Witnesses—some of them seemingly anxious to hide the stains of blood on their garments, but all with vivid memory and honest testimony of the times gone by. Chief among them is Columbus himself—hardly yet forgetful that he carried to his coffin the chains wherewith he was rewarded for giving boundless and ceaseless liberty

to the commerce of the world. The Angel, with hands extended toward the scene below, addresses him thus:—"For this, by Divine appointment, I led thee across the deep!" And the honored one replies:—"I thrill, with grateful rapture; like thine own. Like thee, I look, as the light looks, on all the expanse—from Greenland and Alaska, to Cape Horn. I see the two oceans—always white on all their coasts with the freshening surf; and now whitening, in nearly equal lines, with the canvass of all nations. I see the western mountains—ranging through all climes, blazing among the ice-bergs of the poles and glittering with perpetual snow above the heats of the equator. I see the eastern hills—warming their flowery slopes in the open noon, and waving their windy woods over shadowy summits of easy access. I see, between, the plateaus and prairies, the lakes and rivers, unequalled on all the globe beside. I see the cliffs and glens, the placers and beds; of copper and lead, of iron and coal, of gold and silver, and every mineral hoard. I see the shores of pearls; and the inland heights of diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. I see the successive circles of grass and moss; of birch and fir; of pine and cedar; of oak, beech, and chesnut; of the vine and fig; of the palm and magnolia; of the orange, olive, and lime. I see the sweeping margins of rye, barley, and wheat; of rice and cotton; of sugar and coffee; and the almost limitless maize. I see the immigrant nations—settled, spreading, coming: and the tribes of old still fleeing and falling before them. I see the march of improvement—as though the forests, were prostrated by whirlwinds: as though the clouds, were condensed into cities: as though the sunshine, were transmuted into harvests. I see the Old World paying homage to the New: its hoary tyrannies, indeed, standing aloof; trying to content themselves with dwindling possessions, soon to be abandoned: but its arts and sciences, its literatures and philosophies, and the masses of its peo-

ple, charmed by the voice of freedom, and hopeful of improvement by goodness, genius, and truth—all hastening over. Before they touch the strand, the lightning reports them in the distant wilderness: and the mountains stoop and the valleys rise to smooth their rapid transit. I see the symbols of the Russian State, and the Greek Church, in the cold North West. I see the symbols of the British State, and the English Church, in the cold North East. I see the symbols of the Great Republic, adorning all the borders of its matchless central and southern empire—asserting, from sea to sea, the will of the people in the State, the will of the people in the Church, and the Will of God over all. I see, in the islands below, the symbols of the Danish State, and the Lutheran Church: and of the French combination of all policies, civil and ecclesiastical. I see, in one of those isles, the symbols of African rule. I see, on the southern shore of the Gulf, the symbols of the Dutch State, and the Calvinian Church. Apart from these, over all the West, and away to the farthest South, I see the symbols of the independent or allied representatives of Spain and Portugal, and of the Roman Church. In all directions, I see the scattered symbols of remaining Barbarism and Heathenism. Even Chinese Patriarchism and Boodhism touch the golden plains of the Pacific. The European, the African, the Asiatic, the Polynesian, and the American, are all one, on the same soil. More than fifty millions of people move within the range of my vision: and still the blooming wastes are waiting to welcome hundreds of millions more. I think of the future: and again my soul glows like thine. I think of the revolution of the Old World by the New—the revolution of its States, the revolution of its Churches: a revolution, complete and enduring—glorifying God and dignifying man: a revolution, wrought by the reaction of all races on all their fatherlands—the agency of the redeemed in the univer-

sal extension of redemption. The contemplation overpowers me. I return to my own connexion with the commencement of these wonders. I acknowledge my unworthiness in the sight of God. And yet I rejoice in the course He set me, and the guide He gave me. Never, to all eternity, can I forget that twinkling light in the distance—the sudden glory in my soul. Never can I forget the morning beauty of yon little isle—my own San Salvador. Never can I forget, how other and nobler groups soon rose to view. But—six years elapsed before I saw Terra Firma; and even then I dreamed not what it was. Rather, as I had mistaken the isles for those of India or Japan—so I mistook the Continent for Paradise. My breath was in my nostrils: I had not time to learn more or do more. But, here are the other agents of Providence. Let them declare, how, point by point, this glorious scope was thus enlarged and defined."

Columbus ceases: and others proceed. And so it appears, that a year before Columbus saw the main land, the Cabots had sailed down all the northern coast from Newfoundland to Florida—that Americus, at most, was only the third to visit the shores which bear his name—that Pinzon openened the sixteenth century with the discovery of the Amazon—that Cabral, the same year, and only eight years after Columbus had made his first discovery, was turned from his course, toward the Cape of Good Hope, and borne to the beach of Brazil; as if to show that what was accomplished by Columbus might easily have been gained without him—that, seven years later, Aubert entered the St. Lawrence—that six years later, Balboa saw the Southern Ocean—that, three years later, De Solis found the Rio de Plata—that, four years later, Magellan passed through his Straits, and swept out upon the Pacific—that, one year later, Cortes invaded Mexico—that, one year later, Bermudez met his gentle cluster—that, four years later, Pizarro ravaged

Peru—that, ten years later, Almagro opened Chili—that, two years later, Cortes, again, discovered California, but not its wealth—that, two years later, De Soto, though disappointed in his search for mountains of gold and fountains of youth, made his way to the nobler and richer Mississippi—that, two years later, Orellana descended from the heights of Peru to the level of the Atlantic, by the winding channels of the mighty Maranon—that, one year later, Cabrillo discovered Cape Mendocino—that, thirty-four years later, Frobisher ventured to his icy strait—that, two years later, Drake beheld Cape Horn, and named New Albion—and that, seven years later, Davis sailed into the strait which bears his name. Next succeeds, in like order, the story of the seventeenth century: Newport—and Virginia: Smith—and Chesapeak Bay: Hudson—his River, Straits, and Bay: Champlain—and his Lake: Smith again—and the mapping of New England: Baffin—and his Bay: Dermer—and Long Island Sound: and then,—a hundred and twenty-eight years after Columbus first crossed the deep!—Carver, and the Pilgrim Fathers—on Plymouth Rock! Then, Williams, and Marquette, and Penn, and Hennepin, and Sale—continued the course, by wood and stream. Next succeeds—the eighteenth century: Beering, and Hearne, and Cook, and Vancouver, and others—remembered the less, it may be, for the grandeur of the Revolution, and the glory of Washington. Lewis opens the nineteenth century: and others add their various lines of toil—leaving wide regions even yet unexplored. So, turning all toward the higher and brighter sphere whence the sun derives its lustre—they worship Him who keeps "the times" and "the seasons in His own power:" and humbly acknowledge that the destinies of persons and nations, of planets and systems,—infinitely too precious to be committed to any mere being of a breath—are exclusively dependent on His Divine control.

Cease we then "from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

Our Continent requires half the sky, to cover it: both oceans, to water it: and both poles, to bound it. The same amplitude of firmament which shelters our own Country alone—and which, I trust, may be regarded as the symbol of the perpetuity as well as the beauty of our Union—overhangs, in Europe, fifty separate States, always jarring, often warring, and stained with the blood of centuries of civil and ecclesiastical misrule. Many of those States might be buried in our Lakes, without leaving a ripple to betray the deposit: and all their inhabitants might find homes in our unoccupied territories—and yet leave room for more. Placed, as we are, in the true center of the world: with Europe and Africa on one side, and Asia and Austral-Asia on the other: with the true Religion, encumbered and enfeebled by all kinds of False Authority, and assailed by all forms of Infidelity, on one side; and all manner of False Religions, rioting in pollution and crime, on the other: and with Civil Tyranny and Savage Cruelty, on both sides:—possessing, as we do, Civil and Religious Liberty, in greater truth, power, and glory, than any other people:—elevated, as we manifestly are, to an eminence open to universal observation, on purpose, that, improving our privileges and perfecting our advantages, we may exhibit to the oppressed of all climes the ennobling vision of Private Judgment in the State, and Private Judgment in the Church, enlightened by the Bible, sanctified by the Spirit, and incorruptibly loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ—dignifying humanity and glorifying Divinity in modes and to degrees never witnessed before:—who can believe, for a moment, that the Great Guardian of our destiny in the past will ever commit it in the future to hands less competent than His own?

Already, He has conducted it to developments vastly

transcending the most sanguine hopes of our fathers. Sixty years ago, our Government declared, that it would not be "our interest to *cross the Mississippi for ages;*" and "*never* be our interest to *remain connected* with those who do." To-day, it *is* our interest, both to cross and re-cross, in constant interchange, not only the Mississippi, but, the Rocky Mountains also. Oregon, California, and New Mexico, are at home in Washington: attending quietly to their own affairs, with Maine and Florida, in the Common Capitol. What is the South-East Passage? What is the South-West Passage? What is the North-West Passage? Before the ship now frozen among the ice-bergs shall escape, or go to pieces, the Canal of the Isthmus may open its locks on both coasts; and the Rail-Road of the Prairies display its mid-way trains, passing with the manufactures of England and New England on one track, and the products of China and India on the other. "Ages," indeed! "Never-connected," indeed! Why, nearly forty years ago, a State was admitted into the Union, west of the Mississippi. The highway of the world is here: and the brotherhood of nations will pass over it in peace. How often must "He that sitteth in the heavens" smile at the boasted wisdom of man! "Happy is that people whose God is the LORD!" Let us cherish this happiness. Let us cease from our fellow, to cleave to our Maker. Let us exchange reliance on a breath, for assured repose in Eternal Omnipotence. Let us *endeavor to do our duty.* Let us demand of our rulers nothing more or less than that they *endeavor to do their duty.* Then—let our destiny rest with God. "For the LORD is our Judge; the LORD is our Law-giver; the LORD is our King: HE will save us."

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